



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth

• • • • Contents • • • •

Leaving All for Jesus.....	2
First Fruits for 'Missions.....	2
From the Chicago Revival.....	2
The Joy of Teaching "God Way".....	4
How a Penny built a Chapel.....	4
The Great Trade Mark from the Skies....	6
"I've Got the Vickey".....	6
Notes.....	10
A Word to Subscribers.....	10
Stone Church Meetings.....	10
Remarkable Revival in Canada.....	11
Ottawa Convention.....	11
The Lord's Healing.....	11
What Shall We Do.....	12
Ten Weeks With God in Revival.....	13
Salvation's Stream Flowing in Dallas....	13
Bearing the Cross in Ethiopia.....	17
A Three-Hundred-Mile-Trip.....	17
Under His Shadow Among the Heathen....	19
None More Needy.....	20
The Power of the Printed Word.....	21
Healed for Work in Egypt.....	21
Links Forged for the Congo.....	22

An International Monthly Magazine

EARNESTLY CONTENDING FOR THE FAITH ONCE FOR ALL DELIVERED TO THE SAINTS

Leaving All For Jesus

First Fruits for Missions from the Chicago Revival

"Though a Thousand Fall Let not Africa Be Given Up."



HIS Evangel seems to be, in the Providence of God, an African number. God brings us His servants to tell of His work in different lands, all in His own good time, and we have just had with us, among others, those who have toiled in one of the hardest fields on the earth today. Hard because of the burning, torrid rays of the sun and the damp, miasmatic atmosphere, but withal a coveted place to work for God because of the eagerness of the natives for the Gospel.

The deadly climate of Africa has had many victims from English and American soil. While seven out of fifteen have died during the last five years, the missionaries who have come back burdened for their work, are saying with one who has long since gone to his reward, "Though a thousand perish, let not Africa be given up."

Dear Brother Perkins remained on the field too long on this last trip and he is suffering in his body in consequence of it. He nearly lost his voice as a result of his hard years of service, and as he had not yet regained it he could speak but little to our people; but a few words from this battle-scarred warrior who has spent seventeen years on Africa's soil, was enough to make us realize that he has had no small part in carrying the Gospel to Africa. When the Lord called him, his father had been six years an invalid in a wheel chair, and his mother was old; neighbors and friends said, "It is your duty to stay home and take care of your father and mother," and it was like tearing out his heart to leave them; but the Lord said, "Go," and made it unmistakably clear. One day, feeling timid and fearful as to the outcome of his going, while he was pulling potatoes in the garden the Lord brought to his mind the words:

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head."

From that time on his call was settled, and he always found God faithful. He says if the Lord had rained manna from heaven or sent ravens with food, their provision could not have come more directly from the hand of God. Every time their table was spread in Africa it seemed

as though the Lord had spread it with His own blessed hand.

Dear Mary Staub answered the call of God and went out with Brother and Sister Johnson four years ago. She was much beloved by those with whom she labored, and had in her the missionary go-through, but after a year and a half on the field she laid down her precious life—to the great sorrow of those left to bear the burdens. At a time when Brother Johnson was sick unto death with fever, dear Mary saw what it would mean to the work and to his family if he should be taken, and with a great burden for his life upon her and the spirit of her Master in her heart, she cried out, "Dear Lord, his family and the work cannot do without him; spare his life and take mine instead," and in a few days Mary Staub's spirit took its flight.

Others felt the call and started out brave and strong, but some lived only a few weeks. Miss Tee went from Scotland. She was received with great joy by those whose ranks had been so thinned by death, and her sweet singing touched native hearts. She sang from the Coast into the Interior, but only lived a few weeks. She still lives in the songs she taught the native boys to sing.

With these depleted ranks the missionaries have turned westward, and while they are taking a much needed rest they are pleading for more workers to man their stations.

The Pentecostal workers in Liberia, West Africa, have four stations; of these, two are in the Baroba tribe—one at Gropaka, in charge of Miss Martha Hisey and Miss Mary Boddy, the other at Nowaka, where Brother and Sister Perkins are stationed (while they are in this country Brother Harrow is looking after their work). Brother Johnson's station is at Blebo, in the Trembo tribe, and Miss Mendenhall is in charge of a station in the Doroba tribe called Seglika. These stations are all under the general supervision of Brother J. M. Harrow. Then, in Free-town, Sierra Leone, West Africa, there are two consecrated Pentecostal workers, about whom little is known by the Movement at large, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Hare. They have a burning love for the people to whom they minister and are doing splendid work for God. We have heard, indirectly, that they have gone through some severe testings along financial lines and

have suffered real privations about which they have never penned a line.

* * *

The Stone Church has had a great revival and the time has come for a stirring up of the nest. A revival that does not turn out workers falls short of God's plan; but we feel that in this we are not coming behind. Over and over again, on our Missionary Sundays, from twenty to thirty have come forward and consecrated themselves for the foreign field, and with many the call to go is heavy upon them.

The first to leave us for foreign soil are our dear Brother and Sister Neeley, who have been with us for five years. They have had the care of the church, besides having a precious ministry among our people; but they feel that the time has come for them to obey the call of God to their own race, a call that has been slumbering for years. Mrs. Neeley tells us she was born with a call to Africa, her father being connected with a colonization society, and as a child she heard stories of Liberia which stirred her heart and quickened into life the embryonic call. Brother Neeley received the call of God at one of our Conventions three years ago, and they have both been waiting God's time to go forth. God can only work out His purposes in our lives, at times, by putting certain forces into operation; so, in His Providence, He brought about circumstances which have given these called-ones an open door. When Brother and Sister Perkins told of their dire need of workers, at least four in our midst were determined to leave all for Jesus and "follow in His train" even to the land so marked with graves, and a week later, with the coming of Brother and Sister Johnson, God's purposes ripened fast. Brother and Sister Neeley, we knew, were ready for the field, and though they seem an indispensable adjunct of the Stone Church, having been with us in faithful service for five years, it "seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us" to send them forth and we have not considered our own needs. Mrs. Neeley, especially, has been a faithful member of our praying band and has stood at her post in many a storm and conflict, never hesitating to get under the burden of prayer when it was heaviest or to press through when the battle was fiercest. We know the foreign field needs workers that are tested and tried and when the Lord takes them from our midst we will not repine but give them up to Him, trusting that our own needs will be met by others whom He qualifies to fill the vacant places.

Brother Johnson is expecting to return to Liberia early in December (D. V.) and will take with him Brother and Sister Neeley. He feels constrained to hasten back to his field as there are none but natives on the station he left and both Miss Mendenhall and Miss Hisey are greatly in need of rest, having lived in that deadly climate five years without furlough. We trust God will open the way for other workers to go forth, so that these faithful servants of His may be able to return to the home land for a season of sojourning and refreshment in spirit and body. When we think of Miss Mendenhall alone on a station in the midst of a man-eating tribe, no white person within miles, it seems more than any human being should endure; but her helper succumbed to the fever, and with the crying need of the heathen how could the station be abandoned? This notable instance of courage and self-sacrifice may never find a place in the annals of history, but we may be sure heaven's reporter has inscribed it in the book that is kept up there, and that the angelic hosts are watching over a life thus abandoned to God. May He speedily send reinforcements to this field in addition to those that go forth from our midst.

In the natural it would seem almost impossible to get workers ready in so short a time, but we believe we are in the will of God in their speedy thrusting forth and are looking to Him to supply the means. We shall be glad to receive contributions for Africa's workers—both the outgoing missionaries and those already on the field. The need is great. Have you some money for this part of the Lord's vineyard? A. C. R.



Come Over and Help Us!

The Joy of Teaching "God Way"

How a Penny Built a Chapel

Mrs. Jessie Perkins in the Stone Church, October 5, 1913



AS I sat here I remembered it was in this dear old city of Chicago that I got my training in Christian work. I used to go to the Pacific Garden Mission to get warmed up, spiritually, but I praise the Lord salvation is now rolling on the South Side.

The Lord called me from millinery and dress-making—helping to fix up people on the outside—and showed me there was something better, and that was to fix them up on the inside. God gave me a vision of dark Africa. It caused me days and nights of conflict. I could not eat, I could not sleep, I could not study. He said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel," and back of that command to me was black Africa, but after weeks of crying and waiting on God I settled it. I said, "Yes, I will go." The big snakes were there, the cannibals were there, the fever was there, and other fearful things, but praise God He is able to keep us from all the powers of darkness. Few people living in this country know how the devil has had his way all these centuries in heathen lands; the air is filled with demon power.

The year we went out this last time they ate a man in the Cannibal tribe. He had come to them from the enemy's tribe. Those cannibals are only three hours' walk from our mission. But, praise God, the light has come to them for we established a station there in that Cannibal tribe just before Christmas. Some of the boys who helped to eat that man are in our mission today. They told us how that man begged to have his life spared, but they killed him, cut his body in pieces and sent it out to different towns of that same tribe. Isn't it time, brothers and sisters, that you and I asked the Lord what He would have us to do? It is more blessed to take the Gospel to dark Africa than to enjoy the pleasures here. I had to pray before I could get victory to come home. I know the fever is there. I nearly died from fever, it was on me day and night. I said, "Lord, I don't think You are through with me in the work, but have Your way." They came in and prayed with me and the fever left.

We had worked two terms under the Methodist Board and then they turned us down, but the Lord showed us our work was not finished in dark Africa. We had been home four years and when they turned us down we just cried be-

fore the Missionary Board. One big man who didn't know anything about a burden said, "Oh I wouldn't cry." I said, "But if you had a family over in Africa you had brought up from little babies, you would cry." And so God opened the way and showed us He wanted us to go back. We asked Him for one thousand dollars and He gave it to us, and in twelve weeks from that time we were sailing across the ocean. This time we opened up a new station. We have started four stations, two in the Baroba tribe, one in the Dorroba (cannibal) tribe, and another in the Trembo tribe. One dear girl, Miss Mendenhall, is holding the fort alone in the Cannibal tribe because her partner has passed away. Oh that some one might feel the call to go to the regions beyond. My heart is stirred within me when I see the foolish ways in which the young people spend their time at home.

I'd like to take you on a little trip Mr. Perkins and I had the privilege of making. We all love to go and preach. Perhaps many people think that is all the work we have to do, but we have many other things to do. We had the privilege of going five weeks one time. We took the magic lantern with us and went up to visit Miss Mendenhall at Gropaka and made that our headquarters. Then we went out into the towns and the people would come; the whole town turned out the first night. We showed them scenes from the life of Christ and sang; then we told them we were tired. They said, "Show us more pictures," but we were tired. Then they said, "Come in the morning," they didn't understand our machine and thought we could show pictures by daylight.

After we had showed them the pictures the next day they said, "We want you for our missionaries. We like you people; our station is big and if you come to our town we will build a big church house where all the people can come to hear you." They showed us a nice piece of ground we could have for a mission station. We told them we didn't know if we could come or not but would like to if we could. They said, "We want to hear God word." We went around to different towns where they never heard the Gospel. I cannot tell you how sweet it is to see the hunger on those people; it is only God who could put it there. They think all the people in America are Christians, and they ask us how long we have heard of Jesus, and then they think we are very slow that we haven't told them before.

I must confess we have been very slow to carry the good news to those dying people. We have been in four tribes, but I do not know how many tribes are behind us. Every tribe is stretching out its hands to us. To be sure we take our lives in our hands when we go to Africa, especially the West Coast, Sierra Leone and Liberia. It is called the "white man's grave," and when I tell you we have buried seven missionaries in barely five years, and now there are four on the field and four at home, you will see our great need.

I want to tell you something of what God is doing for the heathen women. They are sold when they are little girls (six, seven, eight and nine years old) to be some man's wife. They are not counted of any more value than bullocks. They are made slaves to do hard drudgery. The man says, "If I want to beat her I can. She is mine." We had not been on our station very long before they brought a woman to Mr. Perkins to sew up her head. A man had taken a club and broken her head open.

The first heathen woman that came to our mission didn't understand much about God. We called her Lizzie. She came with her husband and every few weeks she would run back to the heathen town and her husband would chase after her. Finally we told her husband to let her stay away until she was tired of it. Lizzie afterward came back to us and she has been a good woman ever since. She is now saved. One day we were all eating our dinner together and were having a little praise meeting, and Lizzie got up and spoke. She said, "I thank God I am in the mission. When I used to plant my pepper or egg-plant I thought I had to have medicine to make it grow, but now I ask God to bless it; God blesses everything I plant. I have better crops than I ever had before." Lizzie is a good Christian woman today.

Another couple whom God brought to us were Jack and Martha. Their coming was the result of a domestic quarrel. Martha loved gaiety and had gone off to a dance without telling Jack and he was so angry he smashed up all her dishes. That made Martha very angry and her folks took sides with her and thought Jack's father ought to settle the matter with a bullock. Our boys were in the town when they were having a "palaver" about it and advised Jack to get out of it all by coming to the mission. He did come and in about a week went and brought Martha. We got them together and told them they would better fix this "palaver" up between themselves. Martha said, "The thing that didn't please me, he broke all my dishes." We said it was true, no woman liked to

have her dishes broken and we would try to teach Jack better. We said, "Jack, are you willing to tell her you are sorry?" It is more than a native man wants to do to beg his wife's pardon, and Jack said to her, "You hear what she said," wanting her to take my word; but Martha was not satisfied with that and ran home. She stayed until she got sick and her baby was sick, then she came back. She said, "I plenty sick and the baby too." We helped them all we could and Martha recovered, though the baby died. Martha has quieted down now. It is a pleasure to see what the Lord has done for Martha and Lizzie. We now have five families living in our Christian settlement near the mission and I praise God for the way He has transformed those heathen lives. They give lots of trouble at first but when you show them kindness and they see you truly want to do them good they respond to the influences of the Gospel.

I want to tell you of a little boy named Amos. When he came to us he was only twelve years old. He never heard much about "God way" until he came to the mission, but it wasn't long before Amos got saved. His face shone and he walked back and forth with his hands up, praising God. I cannot tell you how glad we are when we see our boys and girls getting saved. When they get saved we teach them to do something for the Lord. The boys would go out on a Saturday afternoon and catch fish; we would put a value on them, and that was the boys' collection on Sunday morning. We have a table in front of the room with the collection plate on it. Amos didn't have anything to put on the plate that morning, but he walked from the back part of the room to the front and put the plate on the floor and *stood on it*; then he looked at the missionaries as much as to say, "I give myself." The Spirit had taught that little boy to give himself to God.

We once had a boy on our other station that wanted to do something for God. We try to get the boys interested in other places that do not know about Jesus, so they can catch the spirit of giving. We read a story in the paper about how a missionary wanted to build a mission house at Porto Rico, and when this boy heard that story he thought he'd like to help build that house. From our station it took four days to go to the Coast and back, and usually the boys would have to take a load down and bring a load back. We sent two little boys to the coast; they would go part of the way in a canoe and then tie it and walk fifteen miles the rest of the journey. They would each be given a sweet orange when they

got to Cape Palmas. All the way to the Coast this one boy was thinking about his orange, and he concluded he'd sell it and give the money to the mission at Porto Rico. He sold his orange and got a penny for it. He came up to the mission to Mr. Perkins with his face all beaming and smiling. He had this penny all tied up in a cloth with knots. When he got the knots untied he said, "Here is a penny I want you to send to Porto Rico to build a mission. We sent that penny to Dr. Stearns in Philadelphia and he used to tell that story. They sent thirty dollars back to the mission to support that boy and the rest they had collected to build the mission at Porto Rico. They called him the "orange boy." He has gone now to be with Jesus and if I am faithful I will meet him some day.

There are many trials in Africa. Mr. Perkins lived alone a year in Africa. I have lived there alone for a year. Miss Mendenhall is alone now, and Mr. Harrow also. May God put it on someone's heart to pray for those missionaries. Nobody but those who have stood alone in a heathen country knows what it means. In one sense we haven't time to be lonely we have so much to do, but to stand alone amidst the powers of darkness means so much. I cannot explain it. But I

praise God there is victory through the blood of the Lamb.

We had a young native come into our mission, and it seemed he was filled with the Spirit right away, but soon we began to see spots of leprosy upon him. He said, "Teacher, it looks like I am going to be a leper. Have you any medicine for that?" "No, we have no medicine. The only doctor we know is Jesus." He asked us to pray and we sent letters home asking for prayer that he might be healed of his leprosy, and he was healed.

The only trouble with the missionaries is there are so few of us we do not have time to pray as we would like. There is so much to do. Some write us from the homeland that they feel called to prayer and want to come and spend their time in prayer. I believe people like that had better stay and pray in a good climate. The climate is very trying, and if they just feel called to pray it would be better to stay here. We need praying ones behind us in the homeland. I believe God would mightily pour out His Spirit and do a great work if we had a band of praying ones behind us here. May the Lord raise up praying ones for Jesus' sake.

Praise, the Great Trade Mark from the Skies

"I've Got the Vickey"

L. C. Hall in the Stone Church, May 22, 1913



BLESSED is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance. In Thy name shall they rejoice all the day: and in Thy righteousness shall they be exalted. . . . For the Lord is our defence; and the Holy One of Israel is our King." Psalm 89:15-18.

It seems impossible for God to have put more in as few words as we have in this text. It starts with a blessing and winds up with the King. I want to travel the path that brings me from a blessing to a King and I believe I am on the road tonight. When my soul caught that joyful sound I knew it. There are many people who are speculating about Divine things, but the realm into which God brings us is one of knowledge and certainty. I have found no comfort, neither have you, in doubting God. Blessing has come when we believed God; belief brought us into knowledge and knowledge brought us into victory—the victory that crowns the one

who believes God, for he then knows the things of God. The modern professing body of believers are not believers at all, they are doubters. If God could get doubt out of the way He would sweep this world with a wave of power that would be like a cataclysm from the sky and bring His glory over the entire world. I praise God for the JOY OF BELIEVING.

Do you want to know what that "joyful sound" that makes us "blessed" is? To me it is the voice of God as He is speaking in the world today. I was in San Antonio, Texas, when Brother Canada came there with this message of Pentecost. I went to a little cottage meeting; the room was full and I sat on the porch. After singing a few songs we went to prayer and the Spirit of the Lord came upon Brother Canada: he began speaking in other tongues. My heart melted and tears ran down my cheeks; I said, "Oh, this is God!" To my heart there has been no more joyful sound than God speaking His mighty things through His people. Thousands are catching up that joyful sound and sending it

around the world. God is again visiting His people. I praise Him for the great joy of knowing Him when He comes, and knowing His voice when He speaks.

Several years ago we were in a campmeeting in Austin, Texas. I was resting on a cot a short distance from the tent, before going to the evening service. They were singing in the tent and, as distinctly as you hear my voice, I heard above the tent a heavenly chorus. There was a commingling of song from that choir in the sky and the singers in the tent and my soul was enraptured as I heard the voices of saints and angels singing the praises due to Jesus. When I stood up to preach that night I took this very text about the blessedness of the joyful sound, and the glory that flooded my soul is something that can never be forgotten. I wait for the Rapture that shall bring again the commingled songs of angels and saints, as a redeemed people meet their Creator in glory in the skies. But you cannot get this, beloved, in any other way than by simple abandonment of your life and your all unto God.

Our God is in the midst of His people. He is hovering over us, and out of the awful chaos that sin has wrought, the Holy Ghost will bring the divine harmony of the skies. Some people do not understand why God has His people praise Him, but the life of praise is the victorious life. Unbelief has swept its deadly breath over professing Christianity until today the normal, natural things in the life of God are looked upon as abnormal. If God's people were where He wants them, they would be praising Him and entering into divine realms they have not yet known. If you are a Christian without praise you are living an unnatural life. As Jesus was going down to Jerusalem the multitudes cried, "Hosanna" and sang His praises, whereupon the Pharisees said, "Rebuke Thy disciples," but Jesus answered, "If these should hold their peace the stones would immediately cry out." I have made up my mind not to let the stones get the start of me in praising God. I am not going to let them put me to shame because God could not find praise in me. Over at the Falcon Campmeeting last Fall, one night as I began to preach, the Spirit of God fell on the people and for forty-five minutes they shouted the praises of God until the glory packed the old tabernacle. God has called us to live in a spiritual realm. It is the realm of the unseen, but God touches our eyes now and then and gives us visions; it is a silent realm, but now and again He touches our ears and lets us hear the wonders of the other world.

Let us have everything God has for us. I am willing to follow where He leads me if the whole world laughs. By the grace of God we shall have these things in spite of the infidelity of this world and its materialistic teaching. We will follow after God.

Some people say that religion is to make a man a better lawyer, a better merchant, physician, etc., but this is on a material plane. The divine purpose is that a man shall be brought into harmony with God and be transformed into the likeness of the Son of God. It is not improved materialism we are after, it is spirituality; it is that we shall get into the life of God and get God into us, and the transformation go on until we are like Him. Oh, it is glorious that God can lift us from the humiliation that sin has wrought, into His own likeness. Well I remember the night that God first got hold of me and began to work. I was walking the streets of St. Louis. I hadn't been to church for a long time, hadn't heard a sermon; but this night I looked up at the stars and God made them preach to me. My heart broke and I cried to Him for mercy. Then I knew my sins were gone and I sang,

"Oh happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee my Savior and my God."

I was lifted out of my temporal surroundings and my life was set in a spiritual realm. A transformation has been going on in me ever since.

The Lord said if we know the joyful sound we shall "walk in the light of His countenance." It is wonderful how God lightens our pathway when we know Him. If we give our all to God and trust Him we are walking in the light. A few years ago when I was riding on a train in Southern California I looked out of the window and saw a great light stretched for miles ahead on the track. It was a searchlight on the mountain that made this beautiful, luminous path for the train as it went thundering on its way. There is One who sits high in Glory tonight and, reflected from His beautiful face, is a stream of light that comes into this dark world, tunneling its way through the night of sin and God's children are privileged to walk in the light of His countenance. In the most impenetrable darkness God sheds forth "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." No light that man ever invented is to be compared with it. I remember, years ago, when I was a young preacher over in the mountains of Kentucky, I went to a little home and they

gave me a room that reminded me of the prophet's chamber we read about. The Lord was blessing me so I could not sleep. I knelt down and said, "Lord, if You will let me sleep I will get up and praise You when I awaken." The Lord gave me sleep, but in the silent midnight watches there shone into that room a great light so that I awoke. The light grew in intensity so that I cried out, "O God, I can bear it no longer." That room was more brightly lighted than this room is. It was made light by the Shekinah of God's presence, and my whole being was transformed by the mighty power and light of God that came at that midnight hour. Again, I was out on a hill-top, praying in the sunlight, and suddenly there shone about me such a marvelous light that I fell to the ground. There is light for us to walk in till we come to the Light of Lights in the Court of Glory, and nothing but sin can shut out that light. I do not expect to walk in darkness another step. He said I should have light, and if the shadows seem to gather I have only to call for the light. Light comes, and in that light is life and blessing; in that light is power and glory; in that light is God Himself, for God is light, and he that dwells in light dwells in God. Oh this beautiful realm of the Spirit! God has taken us out of the kingdom of darkness and translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son, into the marvelous light of the face of Jesus Christ. Some of you will see more of this in the coming days than you see now. There awaits God's children testings and trials, perhaps beatings and imprisonment, and maybe death, but I praise God that with this increasing power of darkness around us I expect to see the manifestation of increased light, and as the tests and trials increase I expect to hear more triumphant shouts that God has delivered from them all. I praise God for the light that He says shall shine on our pathway, "They shall walk in it," and the light increases as we walk with God. The glory shines more and more.

Would you turn your back on light? Suppose there was but one light that was shining in this world and you turned your back on it and walked from it into darkness. Anyone would say such a man was a fool, but that is how it looks to God when He sheds forth His light and people do not want to walk in it. I would rather be sealed in death than preach a Gospel of doubt, of maze and of mystery. God has given us a message of liberty and power and blessing that should enable us to walk out of every environment the devil puts around us. If he puts our feet in the stocks the Lord has power to break

the stocks; if he locks us behind prison doors, God is able to turn the key. I believe that if God can find souls that are absolutely given unto Him, whether it is to preach to the king in his palace or sing praises in a dungeon, He will work again in the same power He did in the olden times. Miracles are wrought through abandoned instruments, the measure of our usefulness is the depth of our consecration, and if God can get entire possession of us there is no manifestation of His power in the past that we may not expect now. Miracles of the past will not seem so strange for we shall see them again. I feel such an assurance in my heart that we are coming to wonderful things but we are going down first, that God may bring us up to them.

This afternoon it seemed God took my heart and wrung it; the tears streamed down my face and I cried out from agony, but Jesus said, "This is nothing compared with what I went through." Oh, we need more fellowship with the sufferings of the Son of God until in all points we are made conformable unto His death. If we had more agony of spirit we would see more accomplished.

In the greatest sorrow that ever came to my heart God taught me a lesson of rejoicing I shall never forget. In that hour when I did not know what on earth to do, I got on my knees and looked to God and said, "Father, I come to Thee, I come to Thee," and God lifted me up so I rode on billows of glory through those dark days. So rejoicing doesn't depend on what happens. God permits disaster and sorrow and everything contrary to the natural heart, but He gives grace to bring us through in triumph. God gives us a spirit that looks defeat and disaster in the face and shouts victory. You rejoice when everything goes well, but God can give you such an experience that you will rejoice all the time. "They shall walk in the light of Thy countenance and in Thy name shall they rejoice all the day." Brother, sister, would you not like this joy and victory in your life? God has promised it. When Paul and Silas were in the inner dungeon praying, and prayer had passed into praise—then it was that the place began to shake and the doors were opened. Praise is the great trade mark from the skies that God puts on His people. Let Him brand you and put on you R-e-j-o-i-c-e.

One of the sweetest experiences I ever knew in my life was in Corpus Christi, Texas. My wife and Sister Lee and I were there with a Gospel tent. Every time we got the tent up it would blow down. One day as we gathered at the table

wife said, "Well, all we have to eat is rice." We didn't even have sugar or salt, but we all got around the table and shouted and gave God thanks for the rice. I never did like rice, but this was the best rice I ever ate; it seemed God must have sent an angel to sprinkle sugar over that rice and put on some cream.

One time when we were in St. Louis a dear little fellow where we were staying slipped down from the table one morning and went into the back parlor. His mother left the table and peeped through the portiers to see what he was doing. He had climbed into a chair, putting his feet on another chair in front of him and was praying. He said, "Please, Lord Jesus, won't You make Gowan some new shoes?" The shoes he had were so old his toes stuck through, and he knew his mother had no money for new shoes. He waited awhile after praying and then opened his eyes, but there were the shoes with the same holes. His mother was confused, hardly knowing what to do, as she was afraid his faith would be shaken so he would never get over it. In a little while he folded his hands again, shut his eyes and said, "Please, Lord Jesus, won't you make Gowan some new shoes?" He waited longer—seemingly to give the Lord time to do it—but when he opened his eyes there were the same old shoes. His mother's heart sank within her, but to her surprise he got down from the chair and began marching around saying, "I got the vickey, (victory), I got the vickey," but he had on the same old shoes. When the postman came there was a letter to his mother from a friend who wrote, "The Lord would not let me sleep last night. He kept telling me little Gowan needed some new shoes. I enclose two dollars to buy him some new shoes; if there is anything over you can buy him some stockings too." The victory is not in what we see but in what we believe. If the dear people who are seeking God for healing could but believe without seeing! When you ask Him to take the disease away and ask Him again and He doesn't do it are you going to parade yourself to the world as one whom God does not answer or are you going to believe God and shout victory? If you do, the first thing you know the pain will be gone. God gives us the victory when we believe without seeing. Gowan's shoes creaked victory all through the house, upstairs and down and through the halls; wherever he went his shoes seemed to say "victory." I told that story in a certain place and a woman who had been praying for coal went home and walked around her empty coal bin saying, "I've got the victory, I've

got the victory," and before the day was over she had the coal. Many folks will shout over new shoes, but how many will shout over old ones? How many will shout when there is an empty coal bin? It was a good lesson for me. I am willing to learn from babes. That same little boy awoke one morning about two o'clock and said to his mother, "Mamma, I want to pray for that preacher who was here," meaning me. He didn't pray any pillow prayer, either, but knelt down by the side of the bed and prayed. I was hundreds of miles from there but God woke up that little fellow to pray for me.

"In Thy name shall they rejoice all the day," for the Lord is our defense and the Holy One of Israel is our King. I see the crumbling of governments and hear the crash of human effort as it comes to naught, but I see rising from the ruins the kingdom that shall endure forever and I know I am one of its subjects. I do not know what awaits me between now and the setting up of this kingdom, but I do know that there is light all the way and that it brings rejoicing every day.

The more I read my Bible the more I am convinced that these wonderful things in the Word of God are found in the life of the Spirit. They are not found through profession of faith in Jesus Christ merely but are made life to us through the Spirit when we enter into that realm in the Spirit which is the promise of the Father—the gift of the Holy Ghost. The Light of that realm is Jesus Christ who is revealed unto us by the Holy Ghost. We have to put ourselves under Him in abandonment to God. There is something very wonderful going to happen to that spiritual realm. Some day it will be transferred to the skies, for Jesus draws this kingdom unto Himself and the Holy Spirit by His mighty power is going to translate us. I find great comfort in knowing that I am abandoned to Him and live in that spiritual realm which is God Himself.

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DO our subscribers realize how much they can lighten our labors in the Evangel Publishing House by being prompt with their renewals to the paper? A large number of subscriptions fall due each month and we notify subscribers by stamped wrapper and marked paper, but if they do not respond we afterwards have to write them individually, which makes a great amount of work in the office. If a subscriber does not see his way to renew his subscription at once, but intends to send the money later, we should much appreciate the favor of a card to this effect.

Some of our readers greatly favor us by sending in new subscriptions. This we appreciate, and if they will at the same time let us know if the subscription is a gift or paid by the individual himself, it will save our looking up the matter by writing letters about it later. In cases where the subscription is donated we do not feel free to let the one who receives the paper incur the obligation of a bill; we write him when the subscription expires and drop his name if not heard from. But to *bona fide* subscribers we take pleasure in continuing the paper for a few months to give them time to renew without missing any numbers, trusting they will continue to let us send the paper if they do not intend to renew.

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change of address or notify us to hold their paper—it is lost to them, as the post office does not forward this class of mail except on request, with prepayment of postage. Some subscribers do not make a note of the time their subscription expires and when they fail to receive the paper think it is no longer being sent them, while for months it is being wasted by being sent to the wrong office. We wish to be notified every month that the paper is not received and if it continues to go astray we will have the postal officials investigate the matter and find where the trouble lies.

* * *

At the Stone Church we are praying for the Spirit of God to give us a fresh harvest of souls. Brother R. L. Erickson, whom the Lord so blessedly used recently in Dallas, Texas, is with us for the fall and winter, and also Brother Kent White, whose ministry God so honored in Chicago last summer. To the outside friends who are thinking of coming to the city, we will say that we are having meetings every evening excepting Saturday, and three meetings on the Lord's Day. The sick and afflicted are prayed for after each service, and waiting meetings are held for those seeking the baptism in the Holy Ghost.

* * *

Missionary interest still continues. During the past two months we have had with us a number of workers who are home on a little rest. Yet they are not getting much rest; their burden for their field is so great and they realize the possibilities of their work so keenly, they must needs enter every open door that gives them a chance to tell about it. The following missionaries have recently stopped at the Stone Church and given us an enlarged vision of the harvest field:

Brother Eyster of South Africa, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Doak and Miss May Watson, *en route* for Egypt; Mr. and Mrs. John Perkins and Mr. and Mrs. William Johnson of West Africa; W. S. Norwood of North India; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Denny and Homer Faulkner, returning to China.

A party of ten or twelve are sailing with Brother and Sister Doak from New York about November 1st, so Egypt is getting the lion's share of workers just at present; but we presume they are as a drop in the bucket in comparison to her great need.

Brother Andrew Urshan held his farewell meeting in the Stone Church October 29th. A large audience gathered to bid him God-speed. He expects to sail December 3rd for England,

and after spending a few months there and at other places *en route* will go on to Persia early in the Spring. * * *

Dr. Rosa Lee Oxer and Miss Elsie Gordon, who have been missionaries in India for nearly sixteen years under a Board, severed their relation with the Christian Mission some two years ago and have since been visiting relatives in England and America while waiting for the Lord to enable them to go out as independent missionaries. Both of these workers felt constrained to leave their Board because teaching on Divine Healing was not allowed. Though Dr. Oxer is a fully qualified physician with years of experience, she trusts the Lord for her body and prays for the sick. Miss Gordon was born in India and understands the land and the people as only those can who have been brought up among them.

The way has now opened for these two consecrated and experienced workers to return to the field as Pentecostal missionaries. They hope to sail for England November 22nd, and we bespeak an interest in them on the part of our readers.

Remarkable Revival in Canada

THE Spirit of the Lord has been working in a remarkable way in Canada. A. W. Otto, editor of *The Herald of Truth*, tells of a series of meetings conducted at McBean, Quebec, by the brethren in Ottawa, which have the genuine Pentecostal ring. The report reads in some ways like a chapter from the *Life of Finney*. From the very first meeting the power of the Lord was supernaturally present and conversions took place so rapidly that on the third evening when those that had been saved since the meetings began were requested to hold up their hands nearly one-half the congregation responded. It would scarcely have been believed had it not been for the ringing testimonies that followed.

On the Lord's Days, August 31 and September 8, when the altar call was given there was a rush to the altar of both saved and unsaved until every available space was taken and others had to kneel in their seats. People were saved from little children six years old to old men of seventy-four years. The revival swept through every house in the neighborhood for several miles in every direction; only one house was not included, and that was a Roman Catholic family. In a little over two weeks the whole neighborhood has been won for Christ almost to a man. Whole families have been saved in some cases. In a baptismal service three Roman Catholics were

immersed. Many, after they were saved, realized they had been making an empty profession. They said, "We thought we were all right. The kind of preaching we have been listening to would never have opened our eyes to see our real condition. We were on the road to hell and didn't know it until you dear brethren came up here and preached a full Gospel to us in power."

The Lord confirmed the Word by signs following. One old man, nearly seventy-six years old, so blind he could scarcely distinguish a faint shadow if any one passed between him and the light, and who had worn glasses since fourteen years of age, was instantly given his sight. Before his healing he had to be led to the meeting by the hand. When he received his sight he shouted with a loud voice and his family wept and shouted for joy.

His daughter was a nervous wreck and the sound of thunder nearly drove her out of her mind. Her mother and sister would be compelled to hold her in their arms whenever a storm was on. She was sitting in the meeting one day on the front row of seats when a great storm arose. At once she began to suffer in her head. Hands were laid upon her and victory claimed through the name of Jesus, and she was instantly delivered, never felt the slightest symptoms since, although she has passed through some heavy thunder storms. Brother Otto tells of another remarkable case of healing of a man suffering with dropsy. After being prayed for the swelling passed out of his body and limbs and the dropsical water passed from him—over two pails of water in one day. When he was visited a week after, he was rejoicing in a complete healing of dropsy, kidney disease and asthma, and he who before his healing could barely stagger around while leaning heavily on his cane can now walk quite lively without it.

May God continue the revival fires all around the world. Every blaze that springs up causes faith to take new hold in hearts that have long been praying for an outpouring of the Spirit.

* * *

Great blessing attended the Convention held at Ottawa, Canada, September 16-30. The afternoon and evening meetings were attended by vast crowds and deep interest was awakened in hundreds who heard the old time Gospel proclaimed in power. There were many conversions, as well as healings and baptisms.

One of the gratifying features of the Convention was the interest the daily papers took in the meetings and the accurate accounts they gave.

The Free Press of September 23rd gave the following:

What is apparently a positive case of miraculous healing occurred yesterday afternoon at the meeting of the Pentecostal Full Gospel Assembly in Lansdowne park. A paralytic, a little boy of eight years, was to all apparent purposes cured of his infirmity.

The little chap was paralyzed from the shoulder to the waist on the right side of his body, his arm hanging useless. When the leaders began offering up prayers for the full restoration of the dead functions, his right hand was icy cold while the other was normal. At the conclusion he was able to open and close the fingers and use the arm. He picked up a coin, raised a hymn book and carried a small satchel about to verify the statement that a cure had been made.

The boy whom it is claimed is healed was brought to the meeting by a friend, his parents scoffing the idea of effecting such a cure where doctors had failed.

The scene was one of dramatic intensity. Previously Elder G. T. Haywood, a negro leader from Indianapolis, had eloquently pointed out the foundation for Divine healing, as set forth in the Bible. Testimonials of personal experiences were given in quick succession by those in the congregation. Those suffering from various ailments then gathered in the front, along the altar. There were cripples, sufferers from eye troubles, those whose hearing was gone, others whose vitality was being sapped away by internal troubles, and many whom constitutional diseases were making their inroads upon. Old and young alike, ranging in age from eight to eighty, they assembled in front—some confident, others doubting.

"At the Cross, at the Cross;" the convention struck into the old camp meeting air. "Praise God." "Hallelujah!" The scene was a strange one. The elders exhorting, some praying, others sobbing, still others singing. When the little chap stretched out his hand a fervent "Thank God" burst forth as one man. The praying went on, as it was hoped that still others would be cured. Those who prayed for healing and were prayed with will give their testimony at a meeting, probably this evening.

One of the most prominent figures at the meeting was Mrs. McBean, of McBean, Quebec. Mrs. McBean, who is accompanied by her son, tells a remarkable story.

"My husband was suffering from dropsy and was so bad that the doctors gave him one month to live. His body was bloated and he could hardly get around, even with a cane," she said.

"I persuaded him to attend the convention that was held at McBean a few weeks ago, and he was healed. Now he gets around without a cane, can walk about without any trouble and the swelling has all gone down. To look at him you wouldn't think he was a man of eighty.

"There's only one drawback," she continued, laughingly; "his clothes don't fit him any more; they're far too big for him." Other stories equally remarkable are told.

There were also a number of other healings which were reported in *The Herald of Truth* (Ottawa) of October.

* * *

Blessed news of the Lord's healing comes from a Methodist minister. Nothing is more encouraging than to see the power of God working in the denominations. We share the brother's letter with our readers:

"I rejoice with you in the good work of the Lord in Divine healing. You may remember I wrote you regarding my hemorrhoids. Well, praise the Lord they are all gone. I had to trust according to Mark 11:24; (Oxford R. V.) for two weeks, while suffering with them. I still believed and claimed healing. All at once I found myself entirely healed, not a vestige of them left, no more than if I had never been afflicted. Praise His dear name.

I have for years been preaching this blessed doctrine and several plain and positive cases of healing have resulted in my congregations.

The Lord bless you, brethren. That August number was a jewel. I used a whole service in reading and commenting on the work."

Another letter in the same mail tells of answered prayer:

"Your letter received. Thank you for the letter and encouragement and for your prayers. The Lord heard and answered for my lungs immediately. When I wrote for prayers I was forty miles from home. I rode over the country fifteen miles in a carriage. It rained nearly half the way; I did not get wet but the atmosphere was damp; then it rained on me when I took the train. When I changed cars I had to walk a block and a half and it rained right in my face, but I did not take cold or get worse.

I write these particulars to show you how the Lord took care of me and protected me, unworthy as I am. Praise His name for ever."

* * *

A Pentecostal Convention will be held at the Apostolic Faith Mission, 228 King St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, commencing Nov. 28, 1913, and continuing ten days, or longer, as the Lord leads. For information write W. E. Moody, 14 Fisher Block, Main Street and St. John's Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

What Shall We Do?

THE Lord is my Shepherd," are words which have been blessedly verified in our personal experience ever since we came to this country; but the work entrusted to us is not going forward as it ought. We are not able to push the battle as we might because the funds at our disposal are so small and are given so intermittently.

The Master said, "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields," and oh, that the church of God would obey Him in this! Travel with me, in thought, through the uncivilized regions of the Transvaal. As we move slowly over the veldt, village after village meets our gaze, but no Christians are living here. They know no God and no worship, save that

of demons. Their habitations are the habitations of cruelty and lust. Nobody has told them of Jesus; nobody has carried the glad tidings of salvation to them, so they have no ray of hope to cheer their hours of sorrow; it is all darkness, and when death comes it is full of nameless, horrible dread. Very, very few messengers of the cross are in Africa, and those of us who are here—how little we can do! A few thousand dollars would altogether change the situation and enable us to go forward with glad, eager feet into the field.

I wonder if you can enter into our feelings at all as we toil week after week over the hills, across the spruits, and through the deep sandy culting to town. How hopefully we open the letters at the office;

surely, this time, the longed for help will come but no, here a bundle of tracts, there an assurance of interest in the work—alas! no money. And the heathen wait, yea in many cases they die and they have not heard that Jesus died for them. Brethren, what shall we do? Shall we go up to battle, or shall we forbear? The answer to the question rests with you at home. If you say, "Yes, go up," may I remind you that we can only go as you make it possible; as you individually put your hand into your own pocket and make it possible? May God help every reader to respond as he will wish to have done when Jesus comes.

H. S. James.

P. O. Box 74, Middelburg, Transvaal.

Ten Weeks with God in the Dallas Revival Salvation's Stream Flows Deep and Wide

R. L. Erickson, 520 N. Ashland Ave., LaGrange, Ill., in the Stone Church, Oct. 21, 1913



IN the Fourth chapter of Acts we read that when Peter and John were forbidden by the chief priests to teach any longer in the Name of Jesus, they were let go and went to their own company where they rehearsed all that had happened to them. And when the disciples heard it "they lifted up their voices to God with one accord, and said, 'Lord, Thou art God, who hast made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all that in them is,'" and then they prayed for boldness to speak the Word and asked Him to stretch forth His hand to heal and do signs and wonders in the Name of Jesus.

When they talked to God they mentioned the greatest miracle He ever performed. Did you ever notice how the prayer of God's people for more power is linked with the statement that God made the heavens and the earth and everything that in them is? It seems there were about six days God didn't have anything especial to attend to, so He started out and made the heavens and the earth and everything in them. The Book of Job tells us that when God laid the corner-stone for the foundation of the earth all the sons of God shouted for joy and the morning stars sang together. I have often thought what a wonderful event it must have been to the angels to witness the creation. When there never had been any such thing as an earth, God spake and the universe sprang into being. I can imagine how the sons of God shouted. And what a marvelous thing it must have been to them to see animal life brought forth out of the earth. God said, "Let there be birds," and thirteen thousand species of birds took wing. That is, thirteen thousand balls of dirt flew up from the earth

and began to make melody in the air. And how wonderful to see deer and horses rise up and bound and gallop over the earth for the first time—just after God had swung the sun off His finger tips into space! The same God who did all that, is the God whom we are expecting to give us a revival in Chicago. People sometimes say, "Oh, folks are so hard now-a-days, I don't know whether we can have much of a revival or not." Well, wasn't it a mighty hard proposition to call a universe into being out of nothing, and give the breath of life to inanimate lumps of clay? Suppose you had to pray for God to do all that! yet He did it without your prayers. He just "spake and it was done." The eleventh chapter of Hebrews says, "By faith we understand the worlds were framed by the Word of God," yet people say, "Oh, I have had this trouble so long," or, "My eyes are troubling me and the eye is a very delicate object, you know." Well, God made your eye out of a lump of clay and He made the clay out of nothing by speaking a word. Don't you think He can fix up your eye? You know, all the way back in the Bible, the prophets point to creation as the one great miracle that identifies God as the One to whom nothing is impossible. In Jeremiah 32:27 God makes this statement, "I am the Lord, the God of all flesh," and asks, "is there anything too hard for me?" The prophet responds, "Thou hast made the heavens and the earth. There is nothing impossible with Thee."

People do not believe now-a-days that the universe sprang into being by a word of God's power ("by faith we understand"); they say it all came about by evolution. But I believe just what the Bible says, and the God who created the universe is the God to whom I am ad-

dressing my prayers, asking Him to give us a revival this fall and winter. Some say, "We have had a revival. Look at the folks that have been healed!" Well, things had been going on fine at Jerusalem when they got together and prayed that God would stretch forth His hand. Oh, how they had been having healings! The power of God had fallen on the people and so many miracles were wrought that it was the talk of the whole country and they were bringing the sick from far and near. Yet these disciples got together and told the Lord He was the God that made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and prayed that He would stretch forth His hand and give them signs and wonders in the Name of His holy child Jesus.

Sometimes we hear people say, "We do not need miracles now-a-days; the Gospel has been established and God never works any miracles unless it is absolutely necessary." God works miracles every time He gets a chance. Jesus came walking on the sea one night and Peter was in a boat and safe, but Peter said, "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me to come to Thee upon the waters." How much need was there for him to get out of that boat and walk on the water? No need at all; but Jesus loved to work miracles and He bade Peter come to Him. I believe every time somebody kneels down before God, in good earnest to glorify Him, and asks for signs and wonders and miracles, they are pleasing God, and I believe we ought to set ourselves to asking God for greater things than we have ever seen. He is going to answer. It is just beautiful to see Him work. There is nothing in the world that creates faith so much as to see God do something.

Down in Dallas there was an old lady with the fingers of one hand bent together so she could not open them. She was past eighty years old and hadn't been able to work for a long time. She did love to come to our meetings. She lived next door to where my wife and I kept house, and she would say to us, "Don't forget to call for me tonight," so we would stop and take her with us. Her hand had been bent for six years; but she asked me to come over and I prayed for her and her fingers straightened out perfectly. She fell down and injured herself after that and her pastor called to see her. When she showed him her hand he said, "Isn't that wonderful? How did it happen?" "Oh," she said, "I belong to the Apostolic Faith people now." He never asked anything more. God did that miracle to convince that man that He is working in a supernatural way today.

We were asked to pray for a case of typhoid fever; a young lady was so ill they thought her life in danger. She had watchers by her bedside. We went around and prayed with her, told her to get right up and eat just as she would at any time; that she was well in the Name of Jesus and should act as though she was well. She came out to the meetings and testified and was baptized in water shortly afterwards. She was just as well as could be. God loves to do such things and wants us to ask Him to do them.

One woman had not been able to do her work for a year. She had been going to the doctor every other day all that time; he had wanted her to come every day, but she couldn't. One Thursday, when we had an all-day of prayer, she and three or four other women were there and I asked them if they didn't want to be saved. They said they didn't know anything about it, and as I talked to them two of them said, "We'd like to be healed." I said to them, "All right. Come up and be healed." I might have said, "You can never get healed unless you get saved first," but I made up my mind I was going to invite them up to be healed and trust God to save them as they came. The four of them came up and I prayed for them, and when I looked up I saw the tears running down their faces. I stepped over to Brother Bosworth and said, "Here is a woman who wants to be healed. Come and pray for her." We laid hands on her, the power of God came upon her and she was healed and began to speak in tongues. She was so ignorant she didn't know how to be saved, and that is the class of people that get healing first. She was saved, healed and baptized all together. Some of us know so much about religion we want God to work by our plans and we hinder. He likes to meet some one who has no plan of his own so He can have His way. God poured out His Spirit mightily for a half hour. I turned around to the other woman who had come up with the woman who was so blest and said, "Now we will pray for you." "Oh," she said, "I am done healed." That is the way they put it down South. Both of them were saved, and I saw that first woman manifest a deeper degree of salvation than I have seen among people who had been saved thirty and forty years. She had a husband who would swear and blaspheme and curse her, and when he would get too awful, all she would do would be to put her two hands up and praise the Lord. She came to the Tabernacle one day and said, "Brother Erickson, I want you to pray for me. I am going into a three

days' fast for my husband." That woman had never heard of such a thing before, but she went into that fast and prayed, and God made that husband just as sweet as honey. How many Christians of thirty or forty years' experience have you seen who knew how to wrestle in prayer and fasting for God to get hold of a bad husband? That woman attained to this degree of spiritual power almost instantly, and she would have soul travail in the meetings.

We had a forty-foot altar, and for ten weeks that altar was crowded nearly all the time with sinners. In three different meetings there were one hundred sinners who asked for prayer, and in nearly every meeting forty or fifty, and they would get saved. About all you had to do would be to walk from one end of the altar to the other and see people "coming through," many of them speaking in tongues, and lifting up their hands glorifying God. It was the most supernatural working of God I ever saw. There was one thing the people of the congregation did: they untiringly invited sinners to the meeting. We had a tent that seated a thousand people, and hundreds besides would stand up around the tent. Nearly the whole church as they came from work or eating their dinners, would give out little cards inviting the people to come to the meetings. It was a delight to see them get salvation.

I believe that after we have prayed and called on God it is our place to work and invite in the sinners. There is nobody in the world who will have such supernatural miracles wrought in them as people who do not know anything about God, real sinners. We pitched our tent in two different places; first in rather an aristocratic part of the city, and after a great many people had been saved I felt we ought to pitch it in the slums. The question arose whether we would have good order, but we decided to try it, and we never had to speak to a person. The power of God fell on the people and many of those girls who were white slaves and wilfully wicked came mightily under the power of God. We held prayer-meetings in many of those houses of vice and the power of God would come upon them until their whole bodies would tremble. The law was driving them out of the district and it was a good time to have the Gospel preached to them.

A man who was an elder in the Campbellite church came into the meeting. He had been in that church for twenty-five years and was one of their chief men. He told me he came on purpose to catch me in words, but he got under conviction about the first or second meeting and

came up to the altar to seek his baptism. Then his conviction went deeper and he found out he wasn't saved at all. I preached a sermon on Divine operation in the new birth, and he said he found out that his church not only didn't have divine operation in their daily lives, but didn't have it to start with; they professed religion and were put under the water without being born of the Spirit. I will never forget how that man loved me because I had awakened him to a knowledge of his condition.

Another man came who was such a mean man no one could live next to him. He was an awful drunkard and the neighbors moved away because of his wickedness. One of the women volunteered to bring him to the meeting in her surrey. He sat in the meeting but wouldn't come to the altar; one of the workers went back and began to talk with him, and the first thing I knew he was flat on his back on the shavings between the benches. The next night he came back and told us in the most glowing words his experience. He had a vision of heaven and hell and God had saved him. It was a blessed sight to see him lead his wife up to the altar, put his arms around her and pray with her. Brother Bosworth said that didn't look like breaking up families, as some people have accused us of.

During the entire series of meetings God led me constantly to preach directly to sinners, generally along the line of sin, death, hell and the judgment, the near coming of Jesus and not being ready. The distress and weeping that would come upon sinners at the altar beggars description, but when they would come through and realize that they were saved from the awful destruction, their grief was transformed into joy. A more loyal-hearted band of people than the Dallas assembly would be hard to find. Some of them actually gave the money they needed to buy clothes to keep the meetings going.

We moved the tent twice in order to get into different neighborhoods. When we moved the tent the first time the neighborhood got some one to write a letter begging us to come back and put the tent up again and asking if we had been ill-used in any way. I doubt if you could find one family in that whole community that didn't believe that the meetings were of God.

About one hundred were immersed in water while I was there, and at one of the baptismal services there were three or four thousand people in attendance.

One of the secrets of the success in Dallas was the Thursday All-Day of Prayer. In most all-days of prayer much time is spent in singing, tes-

lifying and giving a message, but in this all-day meeting it is seldom that any message is given and there is very little singing, sometimes none at all. People gather in and drop on their knees by the altar where they get shut away with God and wait on Him for hours, sometimes quietly, and sometimes the praises of God are quite hilarious. Many are healed at this all-day meeting, and so blessedly is the Spirit present that people testify they look forward all the week to the day of prayer.

It would be impossible to describe the revival in full. Many times the "after meetings" would seem like a storm of glory; not only at the altar would prayer be going up, but here and there over the tent and even outside the tent people would be kneeling in prayer. In several of the meetings, about the time I would be half through preaching I would be seized with an unutterable compassion for the audience and the spirit of weeping would fall upon me. There was no fleshly demonstration aside from the broken-heartedness that was manifested, and sinners would run to the altar. Every available space would be crowded with people seeking God.

The work in Dallas was born of prayer. When Brother Bosworth and Brother Birdsall went there, there was just one Pentecostal person in Dallas. For five months they prayed constantly, oftentimes going to family prayer and remaining on their knees until far into the afternoon. There was scarcely anyone attending the meetings to begin with, and from the natural standpoint it looked as though nothing would be accomplished. They were told by prominent people of the city that the Pentecostal people had been there previously to their coming, and that nothing could be done. But they felt the Lord had called them to Dallas and strongly maintained that the time had come for a revival, so they determined that they would stay until it came.

Finances ran low, and provisions were short, until finally they got to the place where all they had was a peck of wheat they purchased for twenty cents. They had it for breakfast, dinner and supper; the little girl took it in her lunch to school, but that was good wheat. It fell into the ground and died and has not remained alone. It brought forth a mighty harvest!

One night during the meetings there I felt led to tell the audience of a thousand people how the work in Dallas was born of prayer and real privation, one man who had known of the work

there for a long time but had never been saved, came up to the altar and prayed through to salvation. He told me afterwards that was more than he could stand, to hear how they prayed and suffered in those early days of waiting. There are hundreds of people now in Dallas who have the same spirit of faith and prayer that prompted these brethren from the beginning.

I believe we are privileged to see a revival on a larger scale, that is, with more sinners coming to God, and this must be our chief aim. All the miracles, all the healings, all the signs must bring conviction on the people. Our chief object must be to get them converted and then take them on into the experience of the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

So let us pray and work. Prayer is the first thing. We cannot do good work for God unless we are in a place of victory ourselves. Many people are asking God to give them intercessory prayer. There is one thing that has to happen before we can have intercession for other people: we have to be in a place of victory ourselves. Intercession is that which is on top of prayer for ourselves; after we have prayed through. Intercessory prayer comes when our cup runs over, and is the overflow of a heart that is filled with divine love; it never can come in any other way. If you are not obeying God in everything you know, if you are not walking in all the light you have, you never can have intercessory prayer. Obedience is an absolute necessity on all lines before you can have a real flow of love between God and you that will overflow to those who need help.

There was a woman who had three children and they had different expressions for telling her how much they loved her—gallons and bushels, and so on. One day she told the little boy to get her an armful of wood. He didn't go but lingered around, and his mother looked so grieved because he didn't obey. The two little girls saw the grieved expression on the mother's face and they ran to her and told her how much they loved her. The boy looked on for a moment, then went out and brought in a load of wood and threw it in the wood-box. Then he climbed up on her knee and said, "I love you a woodbox full of wood." Let us all see to it that every little detail of our life is in harmony with the will of God, and the love of God will rush through our being like a mighty river.

Bearing the Cross in Ethiopia's Jungles

A Three Hundred-Mile-Trip in Africa

William H. Johnson in the Stone Church, October 12, 1913



AM glad to be in a civilized country for a little while, but I would not stay here for all the world, because my heart is with the heathen, and there I must go. I am glad that God puts the "go" in us. He establishes our "goings." Seven years ago as God began to pour out His Holy Spirit I took my umbrella down and got wet, and the rain from heaven is still upon my soul. When the real call of God came for me to go to Africa I counted the cost, and I want everybody else to do the same. Don't try to build until you know what you are going to build. Every time I came up against hard things I said, "Lord, by your grace I am going through." He put the grace inside. Five years ago, when we went over to the jungles of Africa, I proved God as I never could have proved Him in this land. I just love to get God in a corner, as it were; get into a place where the power of God has *got* to be manifested. Africa's fevers, Africa's jungles with her snakes and wild animals have no terrors for me. I have walked through the jungles with no protection but God; great snakes liable to be hanging overhead, elephants roaring off in the forest; you hear the howl of the tiger but you can walk through as calmly as though you were in this church. A God that is not a God in the hard places isn't a God. I have known Him in the hard places and know that He is God. And I know the power of the baptism in the Holy Spirit. It abides with us in the hard places and is all the more real at that time. He is truly a Comforter. My soul shouts hallelujah because I have had the privilege of proving Him.

I have seen the heathen rage until the froth ran out of their mouths, and they flourished their cutlasses and guns so you thought they were going to kill you sure, but God kept me as calm as heaven. I was in a tribe one day three hundred miles in the interior, with my boys. When we awoke in the morning I ordered my boys to take up the loads, and the natives deliberately took them off. They were determined to keep me there all day, and had their cutlasses in their hands ready to cut off any head at one lick. I pushed them back and said we must go. I did not know what they were planning, but I knew it was the will of the Lord for me to go. That experience that day gave me an understanding of God beyond anything I ever had before. He

gives us boldness in the very face of the devil, and we can do what He can do. With those heathen raging, pulling my boys back into town I walked through fearlessly. No one but God can keep a man from harm in a place like that.

One day I got lost in the forest, followed an elephant trail instead of the regular trail. The boys were getting tired, we had no cooking utensils with us, and in my heart I was wondering where we were going to put up for the night. I felt if we were lost it would take us a long time to find our way out; we would have to sleep in the forest and that is not a pleasant thing. I had read of a hunter that spent a night in the forest and when he awoke in the morning a great boa-constrictor had swallowed his leg up to his hip. He had to take his hunting knife and slash open the snake to get his leg out. So I felt a little disturbed, but my boys found the trail for which we had been hunting four hours. A great big fellow, measuring six feet and armed with a cutlass, met my boys and asked them where they were going. He was from a new tribe and could not understand us very well, and seeing our loads thought we were coming to make trouble. I went to the front with my interpreter, and as soon as he saw a white man—something he had never seen before—he began to quail. I told him we had come to tell them about God who loved them and Jesus who had died for them, and assured them we were not government officials, but there for another purpose. That tribe were the most hungry of all the people I had ever seen. From the very moment I entered that town until I put out my light I never had one moment to myself. I had to drive them out of the house in order to get a little rest. Talk about preaching; there is plenty of room for you over there! They will stand as long as you stand. They will keep you busy from the time you enter the town until you leave it. I tried to get away from the town and went and sat down under a bamboo tree, but the town came after me. They want to hear about this God who loves us; they do not know about love; they never heard of Jesus, and as we told them about Him they said, "Tell it again." "Tell it again," and I talked to them until my interpreter got tired.

This three hundred mile trip was the most interesting one I ever took. I went into new territory to locate new missions, and had some experiences that most people would not particularly

enjoy. While I was in that territory they had a law that chickens must not be killed at that time. The devil knew I was going through there and the devil-doctor gave orders no chickens were to be killed, so they ate other things. They had hippopotamus meat; it is like a sponge; and when you put it in your mouth and chew it, the more you chew it the bigger it gets. The natives do not believe in wearing out their jaws chewing it, so they let it lay after it is killed until it gets soft from decay. When you enter a town you have to eat what they bring you and if you do not taste everything you practically say the woman who cooked it is a witch and they give her sassa-wood and kill her. So when the boy asked me if I wanted any of this hippopotamus I had to take some. It wasn't very tasty but it didn't hurt me and I came back from that trip fatter than ever.

I went into another territory where I had never been before. I got there on Friday and wanted to get to the next tribe before Sunday, so I wanted a good meal that night that I might have strength to go on at six o'clock in the morning. Just before we went out to evening service my boy brought me in a bowl of rice. He said, "Do you want some meat?" I said, "Yes," and I asked the Lord to bless the food and strengthen my body for His work, and I believed He did it. I stirred up the meat and said, "What is this?" "Why," he said, "it is rat." Well, I had asked God's blessing on it and I had to believe what I prayed. It tasted about as much like ham as anything I ever ate. This is not the every day experience of the missionary, but of one that takes the trips. I just delight to be the first man in a town to preach the Gospel. On that trip I went through twenty-five towns. They had never seen a white man and never heard of Jesus, and they tell me there are tribes beyond that no white man has ever entered.

No human effort can evangelize the world in this generation. Not if I could take every man in Chicago and put him in Africa. If you were to take China, India and Japan and put them in Africa, you would get some idea how large Africa is. But God is bigger than Africa, and He says He is going to have a people from every kindred, tribe and tongue. On this trip I had to contend with eight different dialects, but I had an interpreter with me who could go into any tribe and take hold of the language. Town after town they came to me, saying: "How can we follow this Gospel if you do not stay and teach us." And when I told them I couldn't stay they said, "If you can't stay why don't you bring somebody else?"

God is working in a special way in Africa. There is a native Methodist preacher in the Methodist Mission at Garroway who had gone back into the interior about sixty miles. He had once or twice heard us speak of the baptism in the Holy Spirit, but on going to the Methodist Conference at Cape Palmas in 1912 he was warned to keep away from those "tongues people"; so he was frightened, and was keeping away from us. But God intended to show that this baptism wasn't of ourselves, but of Him, and he did it in a way we didn't expect. It came about that this native preacher went into the interior, cut the bush from the hill and built him a little mission house. He got several married couples to join him, and God had blessed the boy wonderfully. Every Sunday morning it was the practice to go to a town ten or fifteen minutes from the mission to preach, but as they were getting ready one Sunday it began to rain, and he said, "There is no use in our going, we will have prayer here at home." They knelt down and God poured out His Spirit on them and six were baptized right there. Later some of them went up to one of our Conventions at Gropaka and testified. One of those women was dumb for five days. She went along like an artesian well, bubbling over with laughter, and the first words she spoke after five days, was, "Jesus is coming soon."

Then at Grandcess, where there were no white workers, I understand some have been baptized in the Spirit. They came up to Miss Hisey and said, "You write home to Brother Johnson and tell him God has baptized some of us over here, but we don't know anything about it. Our missionary doesn't know anything about it, and we want a Pentecostal pastor." That is a grand place for a man and wife to go and shepherd a flock. God is working all over the world, and I am just asking Him to keep me in His will. These experiences in which we see God work make us say, "I am going through." No one but a missionary knows what it means to meet heathenism. While outwardly many times it looks like defeat as we battle against forces of heathenism, yet we have a power back of us we have never known before that enables us to go through. The devil is very strongly entrenched in Africa and contends every inch we gain. Just now our work looks harder than ever, but I believe we are on the eve of the mightiest revival Africa has ever had. You people know what you had to pray through before you got this revival, and if you had failed in the test you wouldn't have had the revival. I have felt ever since God called me to

Africa He was going to pour out His Spirit. I speak positively of it because I feel it down in my soul. They are today reaching out to God in worship; Ethiopia is going to turn to God in thousands, but if there is one thing we need for Africa it is praying people in the homeland. You can accomplish as much for Africa at home, if you are true to God as we can accomplish on the field.

There was one time I had been sick for two months with chills and fever; then an old trouble set in that I had when I first went to Africa, and one day I thought surely I was going home. I had no fear of going but wanted to stay for the works' sake. I could not lie down, I could not sit, nor could I walk. I was in terrible pain and continued to grow worse; I knew I could not stand that pain long, and threw myself on the bed exhausted. My wife took my hand and looking up into the face of Jesus said, "Lord, anything You do is all right." It was beyond our own power to fight any longer. We relaxed, and it wasn't long until the trouble left me, and I think I had only one slight attack after that. We couldn't understand where the victory came from, I was in such pain I couldn't pray; but we wrote that experience home, and mother was down town one day and met a lady who referred to a terrible

burden she had for me, and it corresponded exactly with the day of my sickness. She couldn't understand her burden, but the Holy Spirit in her being the same Spirit who knew our need prayed for me.

A sister here in Chicago wrote us telling of how on a certain morning she was awakened about two o'clock and a burden of prayer came on her for us. She thought we must be in trouble and prayed through to victory. We were asked what was the trouble. I understood it as soon as I read the letter and compared the time. We were on the sea from Garroway to Cape Palmas. We have to make the trip in a surf boat. It is an awful-looking coast for miles, great boulders in the water. Just as we were off the rocks we were struck by a terrific cyclone that swept down the coast without a moment's warning and the boat tipped over and took water. I had such an attack of sea-sickness I didn't care for anything, and we weren't in a place where we could pray through; but God touched that sister in this city and put the prayer on her. I'd rather have three good people who know how to pray than all the banks of Chicago. If they know how to pray the money will come. Prayer opens pocketbooks, stays the hand of disease and brings a protecting Providence to us in our extremity.

"Under His Shadow Among the Heathen"

Mrs. Jennie Johnson, October 12, 1913

I AM truly a living monument to God's keeping power in West Africa. Many people who looked upon me in West Africa felt my life would be short there, but I praise God for His wonderful promises He gave me. I have counted them mine. From the time I left this country there was one promise God gave me especially. It was, "Under His shadow shall ye dwell among the heathen." That has helped me many times; it has only been because I was under the shadow of the Almighty that I was able to dwell there. Then God gave me the word He gave to Jeremiah, "Be not afraid of their faces." If you should see some of them you would think there was cause for fear in the natural.

One time I was stricken with an African disease; it is something incurable as far as medical help is concerned, and I suffered for days. I got so bad my husband said I must go to bed. I am very ambitious and keep up just as long as I can, there is so much to do, but I went to bed and my suffering was terrible. The heathen love us and they would come in and say, "Sorry too much that mama sick so plenty;" they knew I was not

taking medicine and their hearts "fell down plenty." One said, "There be an old man in town, he know some medicine that can make this better, so we going to have him come see you." But praise God in the meantime they sent a Methodist native preacher to our house. I was so sick I was helpless all but my right hand. I prayed, "Oh Jesus, do spare my right hand so I can feed myself at least." When this brother came his heart was troubled much and he said, "Let's get down and pray," and he did, and there and then God answered prayer and touched my body. But the next day I saw coming up the walk this old devil-doctor from the town. I wouldn't have taken any of his medicine anyway, but how glad I was the Lord had touched me. He wore no clothes but a little bit of a loin cloth. His skin was painted red and blue, and he had a string of tiger teeth around his breast and other ornaments around his wrists, a big cutlass in one hand, and he always carries his gun because he is the war man. He killed two men and always carries his weapons with him.

This disease I had caused pink spots to come

out at my joints all over my body, and the pain was terrific. When I would sit down to eat I could not get up. Try as I would I had no strength to stand on my feet. It seems if we have any weakness at all in our bodies in this country, when we go to Africa it brings out everything there is. From a child I never was strong. I can only remember two or three days in my life when I felt perfectly well, and those were precious days to me. So I could not blame people when they said I wasn't fit to go to Africa. But God had called me to go, and I felt I never could meet my Jesus with a clear conscience unless I obeyed Him. I never had the least shadow of a doubt that God would take care of me, because of the wonderful promises He gave me out of His Word. He said He would never leave me nor forsake me; and though the clouds would get dark sometimes as in the homeland—we all have dark clouds—when we kept our eyes on Jesus He took care of us.

When God called me He said, "Go to the heathen, go ye to all the world." I wondered how I could go to all the world, but I praise God since I was in Africa He has used me to be a blessing to other countries. On Saturday afternoons we would give our boys time to catch fish and frogs and make a little money which they would bring to us on Sunday. Our people have scarcely any way of making money but we want to teach them to give to others, and when we have a dollar we send it away, as the Lord leads. One day I felt the Lord laid it on my heart to send a dollar to a sister in India who was in need of a house. When the money came she had gotten enough for the house, and she took the money and had mottoes printed and put around in the house. One day I picked up a paper published in this country and I saw she had written about this and they had published her article. This paper had gone to California and some dear saints there had read about what our boys had done and their hearts were touched. They sent me two dollars for the one I had sent away, and from that same place later on we got five dollars. Two dollars of it came from an old lady that was ninety years old; she can be heard way into the night praying for the missionaries, and if there is any woman on earth I'd like to meet it is that dear old saint. I always did love old people from a child. This dear old lady sits and makes quilts and comforters and sells them and sends the money to the different missionaries. Some people think they haven't anything to give, but the poorest can give something. I know what it is to be poor, my mother knows what it is to be

poor, and the way my mother got her first offering for the missionaries was that she went without her breakfasts. She wanted to support a child in India but she didn't know how to do it, so she said, "I will go without my breakfast every day." My mother isn't strong, yet that is the way she supported a child in India. We can all do something and we do not need to call it sacrifice either. It is a shame for us Christians to say we sacrifice when Jesus did so much for us.

Then I soon got another dollar through the earnings of the boys and the Lord led me to send it to South America, and when it got there it was an answer to prayer. The missionary to whom I sent it had been praying that God would send her a one dollar greenback that she might send and get some tracts printed in Spanish which she could give out to the people.

We need workers in Liberia. It makes my heart ache when I see my precious sisters and Brother Harrow in Africa alone, and so many people in this country. I pray God that some sister, some brother will obey Him and go.



Native School at Doomkop, South Africa.

None More Needy!

WHAT saith the Scripture? "Open thy mouth for the dumb, in the cause of all the sons of affliction." Prov. 31:8. R. V. margin.

Brothers and Sisters in the Homeland, we desire to open our mouth in behalf of the heathen of Africa. No words can picture the hopeless misery and degradation in which they live. Their only religion is one of fear, their worship is literally a worship of devils. They think the evil spirits are ever on the watch to work them harm, either by sickness, famine, drought or some other calamity, and in any case the spirits must be appeased.

Africa is today the neglected continent of the Christian world, yet none are more needy. The very helplessness of these people should appeal to

the hearts of those who follow Jesus Christ. Thousands upon thousands of heathen sit in darkness—yea, thick darkness that may be felt. Centuries of oppression have left unmistakable traces on the character of the heathen: for the most part he is densely ignorant and very slow to grasp the truths of the Gospel. One reason of this lies in his suspicious nature; he believes at first that the missionary has only come to “eat up” his land or to make money out of him and it takes quite a length of time to disabuse his mind of this idea and get him to see that the messengers of the cross desire not his but **him** that they may present his soul as a precious trophy to the Savior who died for his redemption.

Nothing but the Gospel of Jesus Christ can change these unattractive people into sons and daughters of the Most High who shall be unto Him a praise and a glory forever. The workers are all too few—a mere handful—we **must** have more helpers in this warfare on Satan’s kingdom. Do you realize, oh Church of Christ at home, that Africa is peculiarly the seat of Satan? For thousands of years she has lain practically undisturbed in the lap of the evil one. The missions established here and

there are touching but the fringe of her vast heathen population. You send out your representatives to cope with this great enemy by twos and threes only, and oftentimes they are almost forgotten in the matter of supplies and, we fear, in prayer also. This, surely, is not the will of our Master, nay

He was not willing that any should perish,
Clothed in our flesh with its sorrow and pain
Came He to seek the lost, comfort the mourner,
Heal the heart, broken by sorrow and shame.
Perishing, perishing, harvest is passing,
Reapers are few, and the night draweth near.
Jesus is calling thee, haste to the reaping,
Thou shalt have souls, precious souls for thy hire.

Plenty for pleasure but little for Jesus,
Time for the world with its troubles and toys,
No time for Jesus’ work, feeding the hungry,
Lifting lost souls to eternity’s joys,
Perishing, perishing, hark how they call us
Bring us your Saviour, oh tell us of Him!
We are so weary, so heavily laden,
And with long weeping our eyes have grown dim.

H. M. Turney.

P. O. Box 74, Middleburg, Transvaal, S. Africa.

The Power of the Printed Word

Healed for Work in Egypt

E. W. Doak in the Stone Church, Oct. 9, 1912



BELOVED, not long ago when the Holy Spirit spoke to me and told me to go forward in my weakness and in my inability to stand before the people, I had to say “Yes” to God. I had to tell my Lord, “Not as I will but as Thou wilt.” I had to place myself at the foot of the cross that the triune God might have His way in and through me.

I am trusting as we go on to the land where He has called us, that He will go before us and prepare hearts to receive the message such as He will give. Of my own I have no message. My mouth is closed except as I obey God. We are going over to the land of Egypt for the second time. The first time we did not remain long, but we saw the possibilities of a people that are hungry. I cannot tell you all of the possibilities of that land, and how God is pouring out His Spirit there. He is baptizing souls without their even seeing the face or hearing the voice of a missionary. The last report I had, fifty-one souls out in the byways and hedges of Egypt had received the baptism in the Holy Ghost and fire without seeing a missionary, and some have the gifts of the Spirit. They are standing with outstretched arms crying, “Come over and help us.” I cannot tell you tonight the possibilities that lie in the old land of Egypt where God is waking up

His people and filling them with the Holy Ghost. I do not know how many Mohammedans there are among them, but possibly a few here and there.

The Coptic church in that land is the Catholic Church without a Pope, founded upon St. Mark, who is supposed to have died a martyr in the city of Alexandria. They are deeply versed in the Word of God but like our own churches of the present day they have a form of godliness but deny the power thereof. The people, however, are truly hungry and crying out for the living bread. While in Assiout we received letters at two different times from the mayor of a village of ten thousand, asking us to come and give them this gospel. “We want to hear your Gospel. If you will only come we will turn the whole city over to you.” I wasn’t able to go at the time, couldn’t travel on a donkey ten miles on account of the condition of my body, but those who have been amongst them told me that if you go to preach and hand out tracts they will almost stampede you in their eagerness to get the tracts. The Good Report that is published in Los Angeles is republished in Cairo, quarterly, ten to fifteen thousand every quarter, but that quantity is insufficient to supply the needs of those villages ranging from two to ten thousand in population. Through the reading of one of

these papers the first of the fifty-one I speak of was baptized in the Spirit. Going to a near-by village and circulating a few of these papers, eight were baptized in a few days. There are only a few Pentecostal missionaries, and there is need of a thousand, so if God speaks to your heart, obey Him, and if He hasn't called *you* to that land, let me implore you to support a missionary there.

God is no respecter of persons; He has promised to answer prayer provided we believe Him. Many people pray but do not believe God. When I was in the land of Egypt I suffered so intensely in my body that I could not stay. On my return home I asked God why He didn't heal my body. I knew He was able to. I promised Him if He would heal me I would go back to Egypt and stay as long as He wanted me to. I asked Him in my own simple way, "Lord, why don't You heal my body? I believe Your Word. I dare not take from nor add to it," and it seemed that a voice spoke out of heaven to me, "Why don't you believe Me when you pray for the healing of your body?" I said, "Lord, I do to the best of my knowledge and ability." The words came to me again, "When you ask Me to heal your body why don't you believe Me? Why don't you step over those obstacles and believe Me?" and instantly there arose a range of mountains in front of me. I looked lengthwise of those mountain peaks, and read their names, Unbelief, Criticism, Doubt, Looking at your Neighbor, and on down the whole range. The Lord said, "Now step over those obstacles and believe the work is done." Right then and there He enabled me to step over those obstacles as you would walk over a tier of chairs, and my body was healed. When I stood upon this platform before on my way to Egypt, I was suffering intensely, but tonight I am a well man in Jesus Christ. His blood covers me from head to foot, and I am making good my promise to my God that if He would heal my body I would return to Egypt and preach the Gospel. Besides myself and wife He has given us others; I believe there will be ten or twelve that will sail with us on the first of November from New York, and more will be coming later. We hear that in the state of Kansas they are selling their farms and preparing to go forth to the work of God.

The Lord enabled me to see the possibilities and needs of the land of Egypt even in the little time we were there, I saw the missionaries suffering in body, tired and weary from their burdens and the heat, with no place to go to rest their weary bodies. I saw the need of a little

place of rest down by the sea shore. I had no idea God would call me to open up a place of that kind, but two months prior to the Los Angeles Campmeeting the Lord laid this on my heart. I do not know that He will call me to remain there, but He has called me to establish a rest home for missionaries in Egypt; a distributing station and house of prayer, a house perhaps of Bible study. I toiled with my God alone for nearly two months, asking Him to remove this burden that I felt unworthy to assume, but I finally had to come to the place where I had to cry to God and say, "Lord, not my will but Thine be done," and when I had said yes to God He lifted the burden. So beloved, I am going forth through faith in God to establish this place as best I can. I believe God is going to supply the means, I believe He is going to help me find the place and carry everything through just as He has spoken. When the missionary is worn from his toil, there is no place for him to go for a rest; he either has to go to England or come to America, spending a great deal of money for a little rest in body. There should be a place where he could go and have a few days of rest and quiet to save breaking-down and having to come home. May God keep us in prayer and in humility, so that He can use us in His work, and that when He comes in the clouds of glory, we may be among the number who meet Him in the air.

Links Formed for the Congo

IT is now a year since the Lord led me to relieve my own Mission Board of financial aid while they generously loaned me to the Pentecostal people of Europe in order to stir up the missionary spirit. To meet the deep longing I had to learn more of the ways of the Spirit, and in order to avoid all appearance of evil, I promised to visit the various assemblies on condition that all collections be sent to a treasurer and the money used for the thrusting forth of such as received the call to go. This opened many doors, and everybody knew just how and where the funds were to be used. The money for Miss Schlantzky's going forth has been abundantly given. But when my own personal needs were considered (and being in a weak physical condition they were more than usual) some wondered how the step of faith would end. Praise God! I have never had one real need unsupplied this whole year, and your several offerings have helped to start a ball rolling for the sending forth of workers which will gather up much blessing as it rolls on to the uttermost parts of the earth.

To illustrate, let me tell how God used one \$25.00 gift. After our second missionary journey in Germany was over, two of our German leaders wrote to suggest that I attend the Sunderland Conven-

tion; so further appointments in Germany were held in abeyance for this. But who thought of offering money for the journey? I looked to God, rejoicing to know that the supplying of that need would indeed be a very real seal upon the call. Then came a gift of \$25.00 for my personal needs—just enough to take me to England and back. In Sunderland wonderful links were formed of which I wrote recently. You will want to know the outcome in the case of the two brethren who had stood before barred doors so long because every mission refused them entrance as Pentecostal men. They applied to our Congo Inland Mission and their testimonies, which passed through my hands, were as radical regarding the baptism in the Holy Ghost with signs following as they well could be. One of the brethren mentioned his non-acceptance by a certain mission because it was feared his gift of healing might conflict with the work of the medical missionary they had sent out. We prayed much that the Congo Inland Mission Board might stand this test, and it did. Even sooner than we expected a reply, came the official answer that the testimonies of the two Pentecostal brethren were so good that the Board felt God would have them in our Mission,

we to give them the benefit of our experience, and they to minister to us with their special gifts. One of these brethren is a dentist and the other, his opposite in temperament, has been owned of God in the ministry of healing. While he feels our dentist brother has a ministry he is happy to testify in the presence of the dentist that God has really, in answer to prayer, filled a hollow tooth for him. Both rejoice in this work of God. Since their acceptance by the Congo Inland Mission Board God has given a new seal to their going forth. The older of the two has witnessed a revival in his field of labor in England and many healings. Through this ministry of healing several grateful sisters who received their health again are bringing their offerings of praise in the shape of financial aid in thrusting forth these brethren to the field; so the money question is now practically settled.

The first link of all this blessing was a \$25.00 gift. If we but knew how the seed that falls into the ground is going to multiply itself we would let more of our blessings slip through our hands into the great field of benighted souls. 2 Cor. 9:12!

Alma E. Doering.

Brieg, Breslau, Germany.

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